

The Cheery Heart.

“You haven't gold or silver, but you have neither lands nor name, and you are not wanted; you are needed just the same. The world of change and sorrow may take the valiant part; the world will love and bless you who have a cheery heart.”

“I look at cloud and shadows, but for sunshine day by day, my tones be full of courage, and gladness on the way, and down the teeming present I am the dear and precious part to meet both haps and mishaps with a cheery heart.”

“Forecasting of to-morrow is a mood of bleak despair, but of God's sure promise, I faint shrink anywhere, in a lack of faith and patience, the coward's foolish start; I look with God, with head uplifted; I hear about a cheery heart.”

“Forget you? Never! never! I will keep you to the end. I send a sudden tempest till his rainbow he will send; I set in heaven and make earth brighter for the trust, and let no dart of transient pain bereave you of God's gift, the cheery part.”

—Margaret E. Sangster.

A Victory for Home.

“Only a week more—” “And sister will be here.” “Oh, I'm so glad she'll be done with that mean old school!”

“She's going to stay with us all the time, now; isn't she, mother?” “We can't tell till she comes, dear.”

“Mother's tone was a little sad, for the thought of her eldest daughter's coming home from school to be her help and comfort, to take her share of the home cares and teach her younger sisters had lain warmly at her heart.”

“Why can't we tell, mother?” clamed the little ones.

“Perhaps sister Emily will want to go somewhere else, after spending the summer here.”

“That was it. Lately Emily, in her letters, had thrown out suggestions of a desire to go to the city, not far from her home, to teach. It was hard to think of, they had all looked forward so long to the home-coming, but if she earnestly desired it mother would not let her wishes stand in the way.”

“I shan't let her go,” said little Alice, stoutly. “I'll take such tight hold of her she can't get away any more.”

A letter was brought to her.

“I don't know what you'll think of me, mother, dearie,” it began, “but I want to ask if you will be willing for me to spend the early part of the summer away from you. Margaret Marshall, my chum, has asked me to visit her. I would not wish to do it, except that it will give me an opportunity to attend the summer school and lectures—a great advantage to me, in view of what I hope to accomplish in the future. Of course, the next few years ought to be the most useful of my life, and I'm sure you will agree with me in thinking that I ought to seize on every chance of improving myself.”

“As you are coming to see me graduate, I shall have a nice little visit with you. It's too bad I cannot see the little ones, but they can wait, and what good times will all have when sister does come! Write and tell me what you think of it, mother, dearie.”

A forlorn wail went up from three little voices when the small girls were told of the new plan. Mother felt that she could have joined in it easily, the blessed home-coming had meant so much to her. How could her daughter disappoint her so?

But she could understand it better when she reached the school; in the whirl of the closing days, the glow of delightful anticipation, in the crowding in of new interests and new pursuits, was it to be wondered at that the quiet demands of home should be shoved aside? Certainly, it would require much of the grace of God to turn from all this pleasant excitement to the simple routine so satisfying before years of school. Mother was sure it was all right, but her heart kept on aching.

Music was popular in the school, and formed a conspicuous part in the closing exercises. Emily was to sing, and in the glow of loving pride with which her mother looked at her, as she stood before the audience, in her simple, white dress, she forgot, for the moment, everything else. But the shadow fell again. All the sweetness, the beauty of the young life, was for others, not for those who loved her at home.

As she paused in her song, Emily's eyes fell on her mother, who sat near the stage. A pain smote her to the heart, for mother's face wore a look of pathetic sadness which her daughter had never seen before. And through the lights and the music and the up-turned faces came a rush of feeling so strong that she almost forgot her part. She saw, as never before, the contrast between mother's life, written so pathetically on her gentle face, and her own, filled to overflow with all the joy and enthusiasm of youth. Her whole

heart was in the close of her song, for she sang to her mother as she had never sung before. A burst of applause greeted the close.

The next morning was full of stir, for in the afternoon the young people were to separate, some to return, others to take up a new life. Emily was to travel a short part of the distance with her mother, then to change cars and continue her journey with her friend, leaving her mother to go home alone. All that morning Emily was in wild spirits.

“I'm going to have good times, mother, such good, good times.” Not one word of regret at the prospect of being separated from her again, not a thought, apparently, of the little ones who mourned because sister Emily was not coming. Mother really began to wonder if her daughter was growing absolutely selfish.

When the time came to change cars, Emily was on her feet, still laughing and chatting.

“Aren't you going to wish me good-bye, dear?” said mother, as Emily followed her friend to the door of the car. She turned with a merry laugh.

“Good-bye, mother. It won't be long before I see you again.”

The door closed on her. Mother sank back into the corner of her seat with a sob, while out on the platform the merry voices still kept on. How light-hearted those girls were, and how thoughtless of all beside their own desires and pursuits. She never would have believed Emily could be so.

“You're making the mistake of your life, Em.”

“No, I think not.”

“It isn't too late yet to change your mind. Come, Emma, you rush down there and change your trunk check while I buy you a ticket.”

“Thank you, dear; but my mind is not subject to change.”

“You'll regret it when it is too late. If I do you may be sure I'll tell you so. You must write and tell me of all the good things you hear. Now—time for you to go—good-bye—good-bye.”

Farewell shouts echoed back and forth as the other train moved away; but mother, who had not heeded the light talk, did not look up until a pair of arms held her in a close embrace, and she looked up into Emily's face.

“Did you think I could leave you, mother, darling? It has been my little joke all the morning—to get this little surprise on you. Oh, mother, do you think me the most selfish, ungrateful daughter in all the world?”

“How you talk, my dearie!”

“Because if you don't you and I have a disagreement. Well, mother, I seemed, somehow, to come to my senses all at once, and last night I fought it out with myself, with the result that here I am, going to the dearest home with the dearest mother in the world; and to stay—not to leave you when the summer is over.”

“But, Emily—you are giving up so much. You said these next few years were going to be so important to you.”

“I said so, and I may say so still. But I don't think that the next few years can be better spent than in doing what I can at home. You see, I am looking at the other side of things. There are plenty of girls—poor things—who have no home. I will let them do the struggling and the tugging, because they have to. But there is one girl who is not going to throw away the blessing which belongs to her. Now for the precious little ones, and the dear home life!”

“But my child, you are giving up a great deal. Have you considered it well?”

“I know I am,” said Emily, with a serious look on her face. “But I have thought it all out, mother, and believe I am keeping more than I give up.” Forward.

Last Tag.

BY MILDRED NORMAN.

“Link, mink, pepper, pink, bottle, mottle, full of ink!”

“You are out, Bessie!”

“Tak, mink!”

Della was counting out, and I knew I would be it. I do not like to be it I never can catch anybody. They all get their fingers crossed just as I reach them. “Last tag” is lots of fun, if you do not have to be it. Minnie Reed is a little taller than I am; and I stepped behind her, so that Della would skip me the next time round. Fanny Holt stood next to me, and she is so shy I knew she would not say anything if she saw me. I did not get counted, and Fanny was it. She is short and chubby, and cannot run very fast. Tag was not much fun, after all; for we did not have to run any to keep away from Fanny.

“It's too bad to make Fanny be it any longer,” said Minnie Reed. “She is such a little thing, she never will catch any one. I will be it now.” Fanny came up, out of breath; and she looked as though she was almost

crying. The dimples came in her round cheeks when Minnie told her she would be it. Then we had to make believe chase her, or she would have been it again the first thing.

Minnie could not run as fast as the rest of us, but she came so near it that we had to look out for her.

She was it a long time, and she did not seem to mind. When we went home to supper, I said to Minnie, “It was too bad you had to be it so long.” “I wanted to,” said Minnie; “for Fanny always cries, and Della gets put out and goes home, and Annie says we did not play fair, and—”

“And what do I do?” I asked. Minnie laughed. “You look injured, and do not have a good time.”

I said “good-bye” then, and went into the house; but I kept thinking about our game of “Last Tag.”

When I woke up in the morning, my white frock and lovely blue sash were hanging on a chair ready for me to put on. I did not feel as happy as I expected to. Mamma came in and helped me dress, and she asked me if my head ached. “A little,” I told her. She said the fresh air would make it all right.

Mamma gave me a bunch of forget-me-nots to take in my hand, and I started off to Sunday-school. I met Fanny Holt at the square, and we went the rest of the way together.

Fanny did not have on a white frock, and she did not have any flowers. I would have given her some of mine if I had had a large bouquet; but, if I divided them, they would not show much. I was a pity Fanny had no flowers.

Farther along more girls joined us, and at the vestry door we met Minnie. Minnie did not have on a white frock, either, and she had only a few pansies in her hand. But she looked smiling and happy, and I wondered why I did not feel as Minnie looked.

Minnie put her arm around Fanny, and gave her half of her pansies, and whispered something to her.

“Why, Minnie Reed! Why did you not wear your white frock?” called out Della Fox. “She has the loveliest new frock!” said Della to the rest of us. Minnie looked back, and shook her head, but did not say anything. Fanny looked up at her, but did not ask any questions. Minnie is a good friend to Fanny, and Fanny looks at her as if she thought there was nobody like her.

I wanted to sit with Minnie myself; but, if she rather have that little Fanny, I thought, “why—I'll choose some one else.”

I asked Laura Parker to sit with me. She had on a white frock, but she was beginning to outgrow it; and she had only a sprig of evergreen in her hand. I kept looking at the evergreen, and thinking of Minnie's pansies, until I was tired of it, and then I offered Laura half of my forget-me-nots.

She was so pleased! The smiles kept coming around her mouth. My head began to feel better, and I did not feel so out of sorts.

When the organ began to play, Laura whispered: “I am going to tell you a secret. Yesterday I heard Minnie ask Fanny if she was going to wear a white frock to-day, and she said she had no white frock to wear. ‘I'll be the only one!’ she said. ‘Oh, no!’ said Minnie. ‘I am not going to wear white to-morrow.’ I know she meant to until that very minute.”

“Minnie Reed is the queerest girl I ever saw!” I said to Laura.

“I love her,” said Laura.

I loved her, too. Everybody loved her. I wondered if anybody loved me. It was better, I thought, to be Minnie in a dark frock than me in a white one.

“It is not what you wear that makes you happy,” I said to Laura.

“No,” said Laura; “it is what you wear it for. Mamma said it would make her happy if I would be willing to wear my old white frock, it would save her so much work. And I am glad I did it. If you do things for somebody else, you feel better than if you do things for yourself. Minnie told me that, and it's true.”

On my way home I saw a little boy hunting around in the grass beside the road. “Have you lost anything?” I asked him.

“I am looking for violets,” he said. “Sister is sick, and she said she should feel better if she could look at some flowers. Is it too early, do you think?” “Yes, indeed!” I told him. “Would these do?”

How he stared! “Prime!” he said. He thanked me, and ran off, as if afraid I would change my mind.

Yes, it does feel better to do some things for some one else. But, no matter what I did, I kept thinking of the game of “Last Tag” we played the day before Easter. I think if I had even worn a dark frock, I should have kept thinking of that game. When I went to bed, the last thing in my mind

“Link, mink, pepper, pink!”

The next afternoon we met on Della's lawn. “Let us not play ‘Last Tag!’” said Della. “Nobody likes to be it.” “I do,” said Minnie. “I do,” said Fanny. “I do,” said Laura.

The other girls were surprised. “I don't!” I said. “But I want to play tag, and I want to be it until I have caught every one of you!” The girls clapped their hands and cheered.

“You would not do that,” I said, “if you knew the reason I am going to be so willing to be it.” I cheated the day before Easter. I hid behind Minnie, so Della would not count me.

I almost cried, I was so ashamed of myself, and I would not have them see me cry for anything.

What do you think they did when they heard that? Every one of those girls came up to me and gave me a hug.

When Della came up, she whispered, “I have cheated lots of times when I have been counting out, but I am not going to any more!”

Everything goes better than it did at playtime, and I think my playmates are the loveliest girls in the world.—Chris. Register.

An Observing Puppy.

A rector writes from Honiton, Eng., to record an instance of a very high order of intelligence in an animal, of a power of reasoning. “I have a bull-pup aged ten months and a bull dog four years old, both of which live in the house and are great pets. A short time ago my wife was ill; and though the older dog, owing to his quiet and sedate way, was allowed to enter her room, the puppy was never admitted. The nurse could always tell which dog was at the door, because the older dog gave one single and gentle scratch, and then remained quiet, while the puppy scratched violently and frequently, and whined. The puppy apparently could not understand why she was not admitted, and felt her exclusion sorely. One day she scratched furiously as usual. No notice was taken. Presently she was heard going flop, flop downstairs. In a few minutes the single gentle scratch of the old dog was heard, the door was opened, and there were both dogs. And, strange to say, from that time the puppy so imitated the scratch of the other dog that it was impossible to tell which was at the door. Undoubtedly, the puppy went and asked the old dog to show her how he gained admission. How else can one explain the fact?”—Selected.

A Long Tongue.

Wouldn't you think that yours was a long tongue if it was as long as your whole body? asks Olive Thorne Miller, who knows so much about animals of all kinds, and tells the things she knows in the way all children want to hear them. Well, odd as it seems, there is a little fellow who lives in Africa with just such a tongue, and you cannot imagine how useful it is to him. You see he is a dignified, slow-moving little creature, and he lives on insects and such lively game. He could never catch them, and might starve to death, only he can dart out his tongue quick as a flash, and as long as his body. The end of the droll weapon is sticky, and holds fast any unfortunate insect that it touches.

The little animal that I speak of is the chameleon, and his tongue isn't the only droll thing about him. His eyes are very curious. To begin with, they are very large and round, and stick out like big beads on the side of his head; and the funniest thing is that he can turn them different ways, so as to see all round him. He can turn one up and the other down, or he can turn one forward and the other back, and thus see everywhere. It must be a very small fly which can escape these sharp eyes.

AN EGYPTIAN BOY'S COPYBOOK.—The boys and girls who think that arithmetic is a recent invention devised to punish children in this day are mistaken. Arithmetic is an old study. The Philadelphia Record tells about a remarkable discovery in Egypt.

Probably the oldest copybook for home lessons in arithmetic was recently unearthed in Egypt. The papyrus, which was found in excellent condition, dates from the period about 1700 B. C.—that is, about one hundred years before the time of Moses, or almost 3,600 years ago. It proves that the Egyptians had a thorough knowledge of elementary mathematics almost to the extent of our own. The papyrus has a long heading, “Direction how to attain the knowledge of all dark things,” etc. Numerous examples show that their principal operations with entire units and fractions were made by means of addition and multiplication. Subtraction and division were not known in their present form, but correct results were obtained nevertheless.

Equations are also found in the papyrus. Among the examples given is this one: Ten measures of barley are to be divided among ten persons in such a manner that each subsequent person receives one-eighth of a measure less than the one before him. Another example given is: There are seven men, each has seven cats, each cat has eaten seven mice, each mouse has eaten seven grains of barley. Each grain of barley would, if cultivated, have yielded seven measures of barley. How much barley has been lost in that way?

The papyrus also contains calculations of area, the calculation of the area of the circle, and its transformation into a square, and finally calculations of the cubic measurements of pyramids.—Christian Intelligencer.

Points For Wash Day

A very hot iron should never be used for flannels or woollens. Clotheslines are made much more durable by boiling for ten minutes before they are used.

Table linen should be ironed when quite damp and ironed with a hot and very heavy iron.

Embroideries should be ironed on a thin, smooth surface over thick flannel, and only on the wrong side.

Wash fabrics that are inclined to fade should be soaked and rinsed in very salty water, to set the color, before washing in suds.

Silken fabrics, especially white silk handkerchiefs, should not be dampened, but ironed with a moderately warm iron when taken from the line.

Iron should not be allowed to become red hot, as they will never retain the heat properly afterwards.—Journal of Health.

“Take Heed will Surely Speed.”

Be sure to heed the first symptoms of indigestion, nervousness and impure blood, and thus avoid chronic dyspepsia, nervous prostration and all the evils produced by bad blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is your safeguard. It quickly sets the stomach right, strengthens and quiets the nerves, purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood and keeps up the health tone.

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Hungry Ants Build a Bridge.

Something new and interesting about ants was learned by a Mount Airy florist and told to a “Philadelphia Record” reporter. For a week or so he had been bothered by ants that got into boxes of seeds, which rested on a shelf. To get rid of the ants he put into execution an old plan, which was to place a meaty bone close by, which the ants soon covered, every one deserting the boxes of seeds. As soon as the bone would come thickly inhabited by the little creepers the florist tossed it into a tub of water. The ants having been washed off, the bone was put in use as a trap again.

Then the florist bethought himself that he would save trouble by placing the bone in the center of a sheet of fly paper, believing that the ants would never get to the bone, but would get caught on the sticky fly paper while trying to reach the food. But the florist was surprised to find that the ants, upon discovering the nature of the paper trap, formed a working force and built a path on the paper clear to the bone. The material for the walk was sand, secured from a little pile near by. For hours the ants worked, and when the path was completed they made their way over its dry surface in couples, as in a march, to the bone.

If men had only temptations to great sins, they would always be good; but the daily fight with little ones accustoms them to defeat.—Richter.

The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at a time.—Cecil.

Opportunity is rare, and a wise man will never let it go by him.—Bayard Taylor.

They are a Powerful Nerveine.—Dyspepsia causes derangement of the nervous system, and nervous debility once engendered is difficult to deal with. There are many testimonials as to the efficacy of Parlee's Vegetable Pills in treating this disorder, showing that they never fail to produce good results. By giving proper tone to the digestive organs, they restore equilibrium to the nerve centres.

THOUSANDS LIKE HER.—Tena McLeod, Severn Bridge, writes: “I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter.” In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil thrice a day, or oftener if the cough spells render it necessary.

A PAINFUL SCALD.

Mrs. T. Wannamaker, Frankford, Ont., says: “I scalded my hand very badly, then took cold in it. It swelled and was very painful, but half a bottle of Haysard's Yellow Oil cured it completely.”

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